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Senior Recital: Brittany Powell, soprano

Brittany Powell

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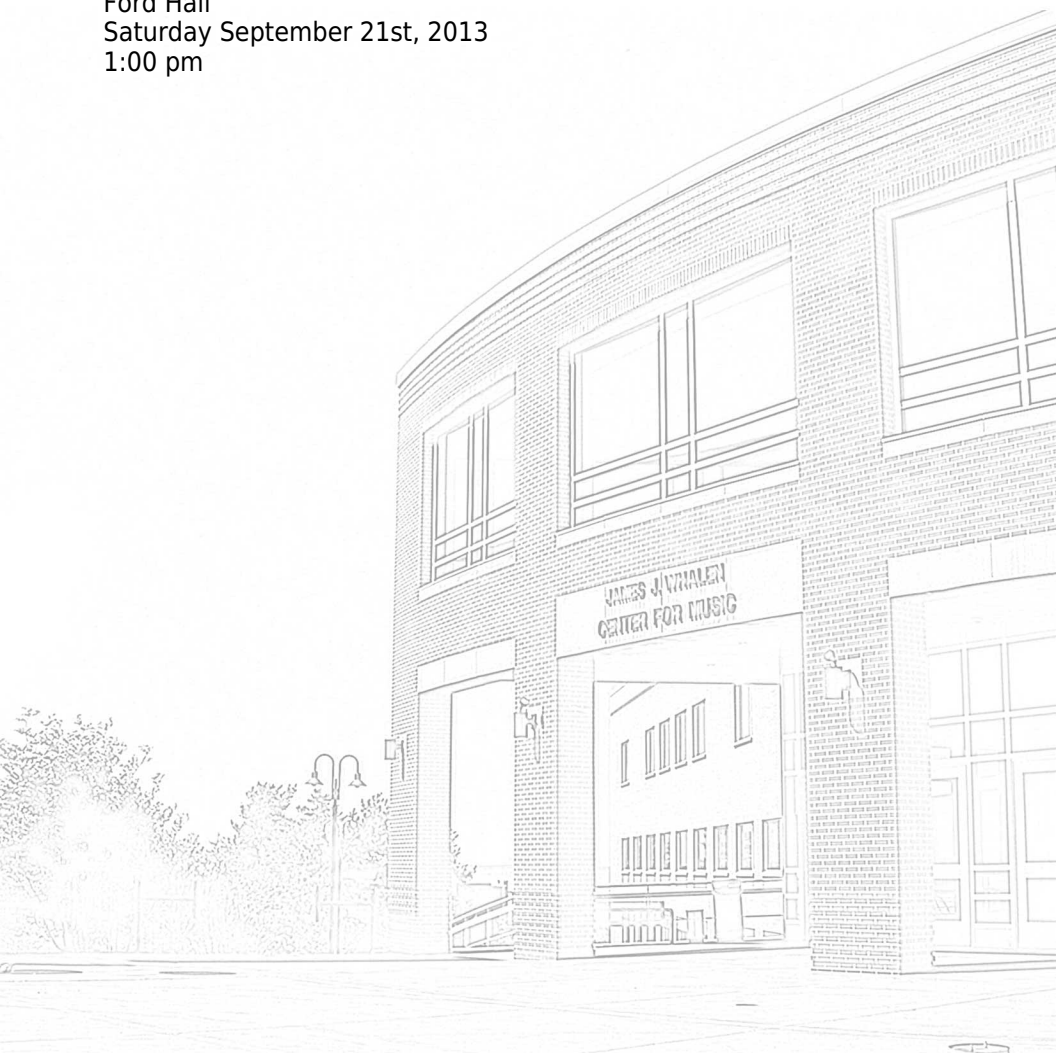
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Senior Recital: Brittany Powell, soprano

Francine Darling, piano
Gregory Sisco, saxophone

Ford Hall
Saturday September 21st, 2013
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Schlagende Herzen
Einerlei
Für funfzehn Pfennige

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

I Never Saw Another Butterfly
1. The Butterfly
2. Yes, That's the Way Things Are
3. Birdsong
4. The Garden
5. Man Proposes, God Disposes
6. The Old House

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Gregory Sisco, saxophone

Intermission

Bester Jüngling

Wolfgang A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Appartition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

L'orgia
La Danza
La fioraia fiorentina

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Translations

Schlagende Herzen

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein
Ring.
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
O Wiesen, o Felder, wie seid ihr schön!

O Berge, o Täler, wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelshöhn!
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem
Schritt,

Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz;
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit-
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Über Wiesen und Felder weht
Frühlingswind,

Über Berge und Wälder weht
Frühlingswind,

Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise lind,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädel
stand,

Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz;
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die
Hand,

Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.
Über Wiesen und Felder, über Berge und
Wälder,

Zu mir, schnell kommt er her,
O wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon
wär!

Kling klang schlug ihr das Herz.

Beating Hearts

Over meadows and fields a boy went,
Cling clang, beating in his heart.
On his finger shines a ring of gold,

Cling clang, beat in his heart.
Oh meadows, oh fields, how you are
beautiful!
Oh hills, oh valleys, how beautiful!
How are you good, how are you lovely,
You golden sun in heaven's heights!
Cling clang, beating in his heart;
Swiftly hurried the boy with joyous step,

Cling clang, beating in his heart;
He took many bright flowers with him-
Cling clang, beating in his heart.
Over meadows and fields blows the
spring wind,
Over mountains and woods blows the
spring wind,
Deep within me blows the spring wind,
Driving me to you softly, gently,
Cling clang, beating in his heart.
Between the meadows and fields a girl
stood,

Cling clang, beating in her heart;
Shading her eyes with her hand to gaze,

Cling clang, beating in her heart.
Over meadows and fields, over hills and
woods,

To me, quickly he comes here,
Oh, if only he were with me, with me
here already!

Cling clang, beating in her heart.

Einerlei

Ir Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuss mir immer neu,
Ir Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

All the Same

Her mouth is always the same,
It's kiss is ever new for me,
Her eyes are always the same,
Their independent gaze is always
faithful to me;
Oh you dear sameness,
how many different things comes
from you!

Für funfzehn Pfennige

Das Mägdlein will ein' Freier hab'n,
Und sollt' sie'n aus der Erde grab'n,

Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Sie grub wohl ein, sie grub wohl aus,
Und grub nur einen Schreiber heraus
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Der Schreiber hatt' des Gelds zu viel,
Er kauft dem Mädchen was sie will
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen Gürtel schmal,
Der starrt von Gold wohl überall,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen breiten Hut,
Der wär' wohl für die Sonne gut,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Wohl für die Sonn' wohl für den Wind,
Bleib' du bei mir, mein liebes Kind
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Bleibst du bei mir, bleib' ich bei dir,
All meine Güter schenk' ich dir,
Sind funfzehn Pfennige.

Behalt dein Gut, lass mir mein Mut,

Kein and're doch dich nehmen tut
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Dein guten Mut, den mag ich nicht,
Has traun von treuer Liebe nicht
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Dein Herz ist wie ein Taubenhaus,
Geht einer 'nein, der and're aus
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Bester Jüngling

Bester Jüngling, mit Entzücken
nehm ich deine Liebe an,
da in deinen holden Blicken,
ich mein Glück entdecken kann.
Aber ach, wenn düstres Leiden
unsrer Liebe folgen soll,
lohnst dies der Liebe Freunden?
Jüngling, das bedenke wohl!
Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer
als dein Herz und deine Hand.
Voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer
geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.

Pantomime

Pierrot qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
et, pratique entame un pâté.
Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,

For Fifteen Cents

The maiden wants a suitor to have,
even if she must dig one out of the
ground,
for fifteen cents.

She dug far down, she dug far out,
and dug only a clerk out
for fifteen cents.

The clerk had of money too much,
he buys for the girl, what she wants
for fifteen cents.

He buys for her a narrow belt,
it is covered with gold well all over,
for fifteen cents.

He buys for her a wide hat,
it should be good for the sun indeed,
for fifteen cents.

Good for the sun, good for the wind,
Stay you with me, my dearest child
for fifteen cents.

Stay you with me, stay I with you,
all my property give I to you,
it is fifteen cents.

Keep your property, leave me my
courage,
no other will take you though
for fifteen cents.

Your good courage, I don't care of it,
you know nothing of true love
for fifteen cents.

Your heart is like a pigeon-coop,
goes one man in, the other goes out
for fifteen cents.

Good Youth

Fair youth, with delight
I accept your love for me,
for in your dear glance,
I discover my happiness.
But ah! If dark sorrow
should ever overtake us,
will love be worth the pain?
Youth, consider it well!
Nothing is to me so worthy and dear
as your heart and your hand.
Full of pure love's fire
I give you my heart as assurance.

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
empties a flask without delay,
and, being practical, cuts into a pâté.
Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,

verse une larme méconnue
sur son neveu déshérité.
Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.
Colombine rêve, surprise
de sentir un cœur dans la brise
et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques
jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi

tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,

l'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur
et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune.
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,

qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,

les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Pierrot

Le bon pierrot que la foule
contemple,
ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,

suit en songeant le boulevard du
Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
en vain l'agace de son oeil coquin,

et cependant, mystérieuse et lisse,

faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
la blanche lune aux cornes de
taureaux
jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse
à son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

sheds an unnoticed tear
for his disinherited nephew.
That scoundrel Harlequin plots
the abduction of Colombine
and whirls around four times.
Colombine dreams, surprised
to feel a heart in the breeze
and to hear some voices in her heart.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masques and
bergamasques
playing on the lute and dancing, and
almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

While singing in a minor mode,

of love the conqueror and of
favorable life,
they do not seem to believe in their
happiness
and their song mingles with the light
of the moon.

With the calm light of the moon sad
and beautiful,
which makes the birds dream in the
trees,
and makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy,
the tall, slim fountains among the
marble statues.

Pierrot

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd
gazes at,
having finished the wedding of
Harlequin,
dreamily goes down the boulevard of
the temple.

A girl with a loose-flowing blouse
provokes him in vain with her teasing
eye,
and in the meantime, mysterious and
smooth,
loving him above all others,
the white moon with the horns of the
bull
casts a glance with her eye- sidelong
to her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins
en plus
devant, l'archet aux doigts, dans
le calme des fleurs
vaporeuses, tiraient de
mourantes violes,
de blancs sanglots glissant sur
l'azur des corolles.
C'était le jour béni de ton premier
baiser.

ma songerie aimant à me
martyriser,
s'enivrait savamment du parfum
de tristesse
que même sans regret et sans
déboire laisse,
la cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur
qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé
vieilli.

Quand avec du soleil aux
cheveux, dans la rue
et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant
annarue.
qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils
d'enfant gâté

passiat, laissant toujours de ses
mains mal fermées
neiger de blancs bouquets
d'étoiles parfumées.

Apparition

The moon grew sad. Some
seraphim in tears
dreaming, bow in hand, in the
calm of the misty flowers
misty, drew from dying violets,
some white sobs as their bows
glided over the azure of the corollas.
It was the blessed day of your
first kiss.

My dreaming, fond of tormenting
me,
became knowingly drunk on the
perfumed sadness
that, without the regret or bitter
aftertaste,
the harvest of dreams leaves in
the reaper's heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed
on the old paving stones.

When, with the sun on your hair,
in the street

and I thought I saw the fairy with
a hat of light

who had once passed across the
beautiful slumbers of my spoilt
childhood,

who allowed from her half-closed
hands

white bouquets of perfumed
starts to snow.

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo le donne e i liquor,
gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor!

Se Amore ho nel core, ho il vin nella
testa,
che gioia, che festa, che amabile
ardor.

Amando, scherzando, trincando
liquor,
m'avvampo, mi scampo da noie e
dolor.
Cantiam, gradita è la vita fra Bacco
ed Amor!
Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il
bicchier,
ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier,

Amando, scherzando, trincando liquor,
m'avvampo mi scampo da noie e
dolor.
Cantiam, ridiam,
gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor!

Regina divina, la madre d'amor,
guiliva ravniva, rinnova ogni cor.
Balzante spumante con vivo bollor,

e il vino divino del mondo signor.
Già ballo, traballo, che odor, che
vapor!
si beva, ribeva con sacro furor.

Cantiam, la vita è compita fra Bacco
ed Amor!
Evviva, evviva le donne e il liquor!

La vita è compita fra Bacco ed Amor!

Già ballo, traballo, che odor, che
vapor!
Si beva, ribeva con sacro furor.

Cantiam, beviam,
la vita è compita fra Bacco ed Amor!

The Orgy

Let us love, let us sing to women and
to wine,
life is pleasant with Bacchus and
Cupid!

If love I have in my heart, I have the
wine in my head,
what a joy, what a party, what a
sweet passion.
Loving, joking, drinking liquor,

I burn, I escape from boredom and
sorrow.

Let us sing, pleasant is the life among
Bacchus and Amor!

Let us dance, let us sing, let us raise
the glass

let us laugh, let us challenge the sad
thoughts,

Loving, joking, drinking liquor,
I burn, I escape from boredom and
sorrow.

Let us sing, let us laugh,
life is pleasant with Bacchus and
Cupid!

Queen divine, the mother of love,
with joy revive, renew every heart.
Leaping, sparkling, with life bubbling
over,
and divine wine the Lord of the world.
Already I dance, I stagger, what a
fragrance, what an aroma!
one drinks, drinks again with a holy
frenzy.

Let us sing, life is complete with
Bacchus and Cupid!

Hurray, hurray for the women and the
liquor!

The life is complete among Bacchus
and Cupid!

Already I dance, I stagger, what a
fragrance, what an aroma!
one drinks, drinks again with a holy
frenzy.

Let us sing, let us drink,
life is complete with Bacchus and
Cupid!

La Danza

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia si salterà,
L'ora è bella per danzare
Chi è in amor non mancherà.
Presto in danza a tondo, a tondo,
Donne mie venite quà,
Un garzon bello e giocondo
A ciascuna toccherà.
Finchè in ciel brilla una stella
E la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella

Tutta notte danzerà.
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia si salterà,
Frinche, frinche, frinche, frinche
Mamma mia si salterà.
Salta, salta, gira, gira,
Ogni coppia a cerchio va,
Già s'avvanza si ritira
E all'assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra colla bionda
Colla bruna va quà e là,
Colla rossa vada seconda
Colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
Sono un Ré, sono un Bascià,
È il più bel piacer del mondo

La più cara voluttà.

The Dance

Already the moon is above the sea,
My goodness, how we will leap!
The hour is perfect for dancing,
anyone in love will not miss it.
Swiftly dance around and around,
my ladies, come here,
a handsome and lighthearted lad
will dance with everyone.
As long as there is a star in the sky
and the moon shines.
The most handsome boy with the
most beautiful girl
will dance the entire night.
My goodness, my goodness,
Already the moon is high over the
sea,
My goodness, my goodness,
My goodness, how we will leap,
Strum, strum, strum, strum,
My goodness, how we will leap.
Jump, jump, turn, turn,
every couple goes in a circle,
now advancing, now retreating,
and attack once again.
Hug the blonde girl tightly,
go here and there with the brunette,
with the redhead follow after her,
leave the dull one standing!
Hooray for dancing around,
I am a king, I am a pasha,
it is the most beautiful pleasure in the
world,
the most dear delight.

La fioraia fiorentina

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulle amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor. No!
Ahimé! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta
del pan e non dell'or.
Ahimé! Ah!

The Florentine Flower Girl

Buy the most beautiful flowers,
amorous young men and spouses:
my roses are fresh,
and will not die like love. No!
Alas! Help implores
my mother, the poor woman,
and from me she expects only
bread but not for gold.
Alas! Ah!